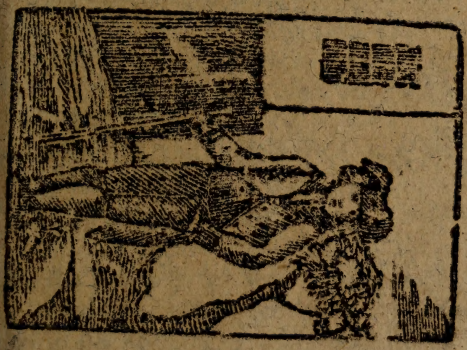
THE Unfortunate Son,

OR, A Kind Wife is worth Gold.

BEING Full of Mirth and Paſtime.

Good Reader let thy Patience brook,
But to read over this ſmall Book,
Which will thee ſatisfy awhile,
And ſurely force from thee a Smile,
A Story of ſuch Fortune bad,
Has never ſure poor harmleſs Lad.



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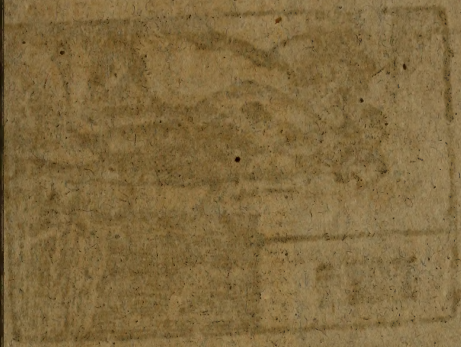

The HISTORY of the

Unfortunate Son.

THERE was a man but one Son had,
and he was all his joy.
But still his fortune was but bad,
tho he was a pretty boy,
His father sent him forth one day,
to feed a flock of sheep,
And half of them were stole away
while he lay down to sleep.
Next day he went with one Tom Goff,
to reap as he was seen,
And there he cut his fingers off,
the sickle was so keen
Jack climbed up with nimble legs,
to the hen rook so high
But he fell down and broke both his legs,
and hurt him piteously.
Jack then went to thatch the stable,
but there came such a blast,
So fit up he was not able
but down he came at last.
Poor Jack a cleaving wood had been,
his father held the quarter,
He cut his father o'er the shins,
not much below the garter
To seek his fortune Jack wou'd go,

to range the world around,
His father willing was thereto,
and gave him twenty pounds.
But Jack no sooner then was gone,
out of of his father's door
But he was straitway knocked down,
and robb'd by thieves and whores.
Jack went unto a farmer's yard
desiring there to dwell.
The farmer entertain'd him straight,
and lik'd him wond'rous well.
Himself so well he did behave,
that the farmer and he agreed,
That he his daughter then should have,
which made him glad indeed.
Jack then took up his bagpipes,
which there did by him lie
And he began to sing and pipe,
when he had cause to cry.
For tho' the farmer's daughter
did love him wond'rous well,
Yet I will shew hereafter
What unto him befel.
No sooner was he married,
but his wages they were rais'd,
And tho' he oft miscarryed,
yet he was never prais'd
Jack then was sent unto the wood,
on purpose to fel oake,
He shewed his endeavour good,
and laid on lusty strokes.

He cut a mighty oak in two,
his cart and team ſtood by
The tree fell down, and thus it ſlew
his horſes preſently
What courſe to take he did not know,
his horſes being ſlain
Unto his father in-law to go
he thought it was in vain.
Jack went o'er bogs and ſandy ſhelves,
at laſt he ſpy'd a pool,
Where flocks of wild geeſe ſhew'd themſelves,
too wile for this ſad fool
Quoth he ſure I can kill with eaſe
one of theſe fowls to ſell,
My father-in-law then I ſhall pleaſe,
and all things muſt go well.
His hatchet at them he did fling,
hoping to ſtrike one dead.
But they were all too light of wing,
and from him ſtrait they fled.
His hatchet ſunk immediately,
it would not ſwim to ſhore,
Alas! ſaid he where am I now?
in worſe caſe than before.
I will not loſe my hatchet ſo,
altho' my luck be ill;
But I will have it ere I go,
or I muſt make my will.
He then ſtript off his cloaths, ſome ſay,
and ſo to diving went.
A rogue came by, and took away

his clothes incontinent.
Why now said he I am undone,
alas! who can assure me
My dad won't own me for his son,
nor eke my wife ensure me.
For I have slain my horses brave,
and lost my hatchet too.
My cloaths are taken by a knave,
alas! what must I do?
Stark naked am I, and forlorn,
in some close place I'll hide me,
Woe to the time when I was born,
alas what can betide me?
Into a hollow tree he creeps
and quaking there he stands,
And sighs and mournfully he weeps,
and often wrings his hands.
But cold and hunger brought him forth,
he wished at home he were,
Those wishes were but of little worth,
since he durst not come there.
But night at length came on apace,
thus he resolv'd to do
Altho he durst not shew his face,
yet homeward he would go.
When he came home the doors fast be,
yet there he made a stay,
And at the windows listens he,
to hear what they do say.
There did he hear his wife lament,
his father-in-law complain,

And all the houſe in diſcontent,
concluding he was ſlain.
Jack naked was, the wind blew cold,
he could no longer ſtay,
But in the hog-ſtie he made bold,
and there full cloſe he lay.
The churliſh hogs ſo hoggiſh were,
to this their maſter's ſon
Small manners in them did appear,
for him they over run,
And ſome upon his feet did tread,
and ſome did full ſore did bite him,
And they with him ſo quarrelled,
he fear'd they would indict him.
And ſuch a fearful noiſe they made,
for they did ſore diſmay him
He with their noiſe was terrify'd,
that they would betray him.
Poor Jack he did ſpeak them fairly,
as being an intruder,
He ſcratch'd their poles, but ne'er the near,
for they were but the ruder.
Until at laſt his wife did hear

the cry of theſe rude cattle,
And out of the door ſhe came with fear,
to end this ſudden battle.
ack ſaw her coming and began
with ſpeed to ſtand upright,
he ſeeing there a naked man,
was in a grievous fright,
he gave a ſhriek, and leap'd in the dirt,

So greatly she was mov'd,
But she was more afraid than hurt,
for it was her best belov'd
Sweetheart said he, be not afraid,
I am thy husband dear
Alas! poor creature, than she said,
why stand you naked here?
Alas! quoth he, I am undone,
my team of horses slain,
My hatchet loft my hose and shoon,
and my apparel plain.
Poor man! said she what what will you do
my heart for you doth ach
Yet tho' my father envies you,
I will not you forsake.
Thanks, my kind wife then said he,
your love to me is great,
And as my love is so to thee,
give me something for to eat.
For I am both hungry and cold,
then fetch me something strait,
Once in this house I have been great,
but now am forced to wait.
Alas! my father's up she said,
and little can get
But something I will get for thee,
and thus I'll use my wit:
Into the buttery I will go,
and there I will be sure,
A pot of better-milk for you
I know I can procure.

And 'cauſe it as a darkſome night
that you might not forget it,
I'll cover it with a white cloth,
and on the dunghill ſet it.
While ſhe went to the buttery,
a great white dog came out,
And on the dunghill down did lie,
to bring the jeſt about.
Poor Jack out of the hogſtye peeps,
the grea white dog eſpies,
With joy and gladneſs out he creeps,
his hunger to ſuffi.e.
The dog he took to be a clout,
which the butter milk to cover,
But he did find it was as ſtout,
before that he gave over,
The dog was white as he might ſee,
the night was dark and black,
Then ſure a wiſer then he
might eaſily miſtake.
Faſt by the back he took the dog,
inſtead of the butter-milk pot,
And being naked as a frog
now judge but what he got
The dog takes Jack faſt by the toe,
and Jack with him did ſtrive,
Quoth he, I ne'er before did know
that butter-milk was alive.
The churnith dog would not give o'er,
'till he had rent him ſo,
That he his fl.ſh ſo much had tore,

that he could hardly go
Both shoulders arms and head,
he bit in such a sort,
That he could hardly go.
he did not like the sport
At last the dog did come to know
it was his master's son,
And was content to let him go,
so thus the war was done.
Into the hog-stie then he creeps,
and cursed ill bred dogs,
And there he sits him down to weep,
amongst the churlish hogs.
His wife came then down in haste,
and down the butter milk lays,
But little did she know what past,
unseen she goes her ways.
It was covered with a white clean cloth,
upon the dunghill then
And tho 'twas but cold broth,
'twould serve a hungry man
Jack wonder'd that he stain so long,
being vex'd with cold and pain,
Did think that he had double wrong,
and sorely did complain
Alas! sai Jack now must die,
with hunger lore remain,
For why he knew not certainly,
that she was come and gone.
Jack peeped out at hit in fear,
and there perceive at might,

The butter-milk on dunghill there,
cover'd o'er with white.
Jack thought the white dog it had been,
that did bite him before.
To study now he doth begin
to be reveng'd therefore.
Jack he a cudgel then had got.
a weapon stout and strong,
And went towards the butter-milk,
for to revenge his wrong
Said he you cur, you now shall know
I'll be reveng'd on you
With that he gave the pot a blow,
which made him after rue.
The pot in pieces broke apace,
Jack knew not what to think.
For why the milk flew in his face,
and made him backwards shrink.
The cracking of the pot he thought
was the dog's bones, and judg'd
The milk which in his face wrought,
to be the mastiff's blood
You ill bred cur now know, said he,
what 'twas to wrong a man,
think I am reveng'd on you
as much as e'er I can
Let others cure a warning take,
how they abuse their friends,
For much of thee I still did make,
and had but ill amends.
His anger swag'd, which fore did burn,

glory of his victory,
And let the butter milk so churn'd,
upon the dunghill lie,
Not knowing other wise than he
had kill'd the dog outright,
Thus many men mistaken be,
comparing white to white.
But at last the woman came,
and to her husband went,
Then like a kind and loving wife
she told him her intent.
She said good husband, do come in,
my father is in bed,
Alas! said he, ill luck hath been,
and I am almost dead.
The white dog on the dunghill lay,
and I mistook the mark,
I took him for a pot of whey,
as well I might i the dark.
He fasten'd on me in such sort,
that sore he hath me bit,
Poor man, said she, I'm sorry for't,
but let me tell you yet,
A pot of butter milk sat
upon the dunghill there.
And cause you should not it forget,
I spread a cloth most fair.
Alas! said he, I saw it not,
sure good luck have none,
For sure it was the butter milk pot
that I so beat upon.

With that they went into the place,
where they the truth soon found,
For he beheld with great disgrace,
the butter milk upon the ground.
Now fie upon ill luck said he,
my best days now are spent,
But since it will no better be,
we must be both content.
His wife then took him by the hand,
and led him without sorrow,
Yet little did he understand
what passed on the morrow.
Jack sat him down just by the fire,
his frozen bones to warm.
And pull'd his stool nigher and nigher,
not thinking any harm.
But he so near the fire came,
and creeped down so low,
That he did fall into the fire,
and knew not what to do.
But he got up again with speed,
and he was burnt full sore,
It was for want of taking heed,
that he fell down before.
To make a poffet then his wife
did use her utmost skill,
But he was weary of his life,
for he was very ill.
No sooner was the poffet made,
but the old man knocks in haste,
Alas said he, we are betray'd,

My father knocks full fast,
And so fear that he'll come down,
and find the puffet there
Said Jack, he is not such a clown,
that he should so much fear
But to prevent the worst, said she,
I'll hide it now away,
I would not have the old one see,
lest that we have a fray
Old age is crabbed that we have seen,
and by experience find
And to prevent the following woe,
these things we well mun mind.
Into the privy house she goes,
and sets it on a stool,
Her husband little did suppose
that it was there, poor fool!
No sooner he came out again,
but with redoubled force,
The old man kick'd with might and main,
and began to swear and curse.
Up stairs she ran with haste and speed,
when fearing to be sent,
In the mean time he having need,
unto the privy went
Now Jack unto the privy come,
he look'd as he could not sit,
He very fairly set his bum,
in the middle of the puffet
So heavy he was never in his life,
which made him skip and trip,

And he had railed on his wife,
but that he bit his lip.
He blam'd her because she had
not told him of the same
The scalding had almost made him mad,
'twas long ere he was tame.
But down at last his wife did come,
with her he made a stir
He tells her of his scalded bum,
and says 'twas long with her.
She prays him to be content,
and moaned like a baby
Had she given this poor Jack of Lent
as dainty words as may be.
She fetch'd him drink and nuts,
and more than he requir'd,
And when he had fill'd his guts,
to sleep she him desir'd.
Upon his bed fresh sheets she laid,
with blankets fine and trim
And begg'd him not to be dismay'd,
for she would lay with him.
And Jack he would not idle be,
while she his bed did make
For he the warming pan did see,
then down the same did take
Jack's father this lad honest man,
some gunpowder had got,
He put it in the warming pan,
thinking no harm, God wot!
Into the pan he never did look,

it was not his desire,
But manfully the torches he took,
and quickly it gave fire.
But he not being us'd to shoot,
did frighten half the town
Nor could he fairly stand unto't,
for why, it beat him down.
His beard was burnt unto the stumps,
the chimney did to flame,
That all the wells springs, and pumps,
could hardly quench the same.
The townsmen up in arms did rise,
and much amazed were
And he was staring with his eyes,
being almost dead with fear.
The powder flew about the house,
might move some one to laughter,
For there was neither rat nor mouse
for seven long winters after.
The old man all this time did sleep,
since none did him molest,
Poor Jack alone did only weep,
all else went to their rest.
But Jack conclusions still would try
with this same warming pan,
He took it up and earnestly
the second part began
Jack put some fire again into it,
as being very bold,
Perhaps it was to try his wits,
for he could not be cold.

And up into the bed did creep,
and bid his wife ſtand by,
But being overcome with ſleep,
let the warming pan lie
Between the ſheets as ſome ſay.
it burnt them piteouſly.
While the woman was away,
it happened ſo unlucky,
And had me not ſoon come again,
much more harm had been done,
For why the ſluggiſh ſleepy ſwain,
knew not it would burn
She ſaid now I have cauſe to mourn
at your unhappy life
For why the ſheets you burn,
O peace ſaid he good wife
For I will go to bed with ſpeed,
for fear more hurt I do.
Aye ſaid the wife and ſo you had need,
theſe things I fear you'll rue.
With this he roſe and rubb'd his eyes,
and fetch'd a yawn or two
And ſo down on the bed with ſpeed,
as ſluggards us'd to do
His wife ſhe went to bed with ſpeed,
the old man he lay by
What happen'd after you ſhall hear,
in the twinkling of an eye
He miſs'd the pull and hit poor Jack,
poor woman! ſhe forgot
To bring up what without doubt,

is call'd a chamber-pot,
To make water Jack had a like,
but he was loath to rise
And if he did the bed bepiss,
he thought it bad likewise.
At last he rose and scratch'd about,
but all in vain God wot!
In every place he made a rout,
but could not find the pot
Under his father's bed he creeps,
hoping to find one there
The good old man now soundly sleeps,
and nothing he doth hear
Two bird-lime pots there were
which the old man had in store,
And so poor Jack was round beset
with troubles evermore.
Jack thrusts his hands with might and main
into the bird lime pans
He could not get them out again,
but there he grumbling stands.
Round about the room he walks
with the lime pots on his hands,
Then often to himself he talks,
cursing of bird-lime pans.
He stamps, raves, fumes, and frets,
and shakes his head in vain
And like a man beside his wits,
to his wife he does complain.
When she the jest did come to know,
she could not chuse but smile,

Tho' he was round befet with woe,
and forrow all the while.
Said he, ſtrike both your hands againſt
ſome poſt here in the room.
And break the lime pots if you can,
that you to bed may come.
The old man wore a white cap,
his head hung o'er the bed.
With the pots he gave him ſuch a rap,
as almoſt ſtruck him dead.
He gueſs'd his head had been a poſt,
the old man loud did cry
Jack naked ran away in haſte,
intended for to fly.
Quoth Jack, and if my father die,
his head being forely bang'd.
If I be taken, ſurely I
ſhall without doubt be hang'd.
I'll ſaddle me a horſe moſt brave,
and then away I'll ride,
So by this means my life I'll ſave,
for here I'll not abide.
But he miſtook the ſtable,
and went into the cow-houſe,
To ſtand I am not able,
for laughing at the gooſe.
In he comes, and up he ſtrides,
upon a mighty bull,
And fiercely up and down he rides
upon the horned mule
The great white maſtiff ſeeing this,

did open his mouth now wider
And seldom it was the dog did miss
the fierce bull or his rider
Sometimes he did upon Jack light,
sometimes upon his nag.
And so stoutly with them fights,
they had small cause to brag.
He rent the bull in such a sort,
that he was now stark mad
The bull had cause to blame Jack for't,
that vile unhappy lad
The weary dog did leave them then,
when he was tir'd out
The weary dog did leave them then,
the bull still runs about.
And last a country man came by,
with his staff upon his neck,
And very unadvisedly
did give the bull a check
He thought the bull the devil had been,
or he upon his back
He rail'd at them, and would not leave,
till he knock'd down poor Jack.
The headstrong bull he did espy
the country fellow there
And at him ran most furiously,
without all dread or fear
The countryman did think to take
a blow right at his head
He miss'd the bull, and hit poor Jack
and struck him almost dead.

Away then went this country clown,
and the world with laughter fill'd,
For he reported in the town
he had the devil kill'd.
But Jack recover'd at the laſt,
as one who had been dead,
And ſaddled a horſe in haſte,
and then away he fled.
The townſmen up in arms he meets,
who waited on him then,
With all the allies lanes and ſtreets,
beſet with armed men.
Jack ſat naked upon the horſe
and thought no harm at all,
Misfortunes ſtill were worſe and worſe,
his comforts were but ſmall.
The man that knock'd him down before
from off the mad bull's back
Seeing him come ſteps out of doors,
and fiercely knock'd down Jack,
About him people flock'd apace,
to ſee his nakedneſs.
Then looking ne'ſt in his face,
they knew him who he was.
They pity'd him and aſk'd him how
he came in theſe diſtreſs?
What brought him into trouble now
that I ſhall here expreſs.
Many a blind excuſe he made,
as good as he could frame,
But nertheleſs poor Jack they ſtay'd

until his father came.
Forth hue and cry they send with speed,
to seek him every where.
At last they found him out indeed,
but almost dead with fear.
The old man with great fury comes,
Jack's wife crying after,
And Jack stood biting of his thumbs.
which moved them to laughter.
Fast by the throat he took poor Jack,
quoth he now I have found thee,
Now villian thou shalt go to wreck,
for it was thee did wound me.
My team of horses thou hast slain,
and lost my hatchet too.
My cloaths also from thee were taken,
these things will make thee rue.
Before the judges they him hawl,
this most unfortunate lad

And there againſt him they did rail,
as if they had been mad.
His indictment was made with ſpeed,
in haſte, as was ſuppoſ'd,
And this indictment you may read,
if you are ſo diſpoſ'd

His INDICTMENT.

IMPRIMIS

FOR killing his father's horſes.
Item for loſing a hatchet.
Item, for loſing his clothes, which were borrowed.
Item, for laying hands upon his father's white dog
Item, for breaking to pieces the great butter milk pot.
Item for ſpoiling the poſſet.
Item for burning his father's ſheets.
Item, for piſſing his bed
Item, for unmercifully breaking his old father's head.
Item, for frightening a poor ſimple country fellow.
Item for riding away with his father's bull
Of all which he was found GUILTY.

Jack did confess the things aright,
they could not be deny'd.
But he desired that he might
by his own wife be try'd.
If want of wit or too much fear,
did then speeches make him,
It is well known, nor need we care,
but as he is, so take him.
His wife excus'd the matter, so
she free'd him as 'tis told.
This having penn'd —you here may see
" a loving wife's worth gold. "

FINIS.